If heauen haue any grieuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conſcience ſtill begnaw thy ſoule,
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liueſt,
And take deepe traitors for thy deareſt friends,
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be whileſt ſome tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels.
Thou eluiſh mark't, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that waſt ſeald in thy natiuitie
The ſlaue of nature, and the ſonne of hell,
Thou ſlaunder of thy mothers heauie wombe,
Thou loathed iſſue of thy fathers loynes.
Thou rag of honour, thou deteſted, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. I call thee not.

Glo. Then I crie thee mercie: for I had thought
Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.

Qu. M. Why ſo I did, but lookt for no replie,
O let me make the period to my curſe.

Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (ſelfe.

Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your

Q. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou ſugar on that bottled ſpider, (tune:
Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe.
The time will come thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade.

Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantike curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.

Q. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,

Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.

Q. M. To ſerue me well; you all ſhould do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:

O